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The True Woman.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte E. Mc Kay.

Vol. I.—No. 4.] BALTIMORE, JUNE, 1871. [Price 5 Cents.

June.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries if the earth be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a flower too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Still, like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings:
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best?

[*Vision of Sir Launfal.*

Lives and Opinions of True Women.

NUMBER III.

By Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper,
Author of "Female Suffrage, A Letter to the Christian Women of America," "Rural Hours," etc., etc.

MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

It would be scarcely possible to imagine a more beautiful picture of a wife than that which is offered to us in the life of Adrienne de Noailles, Madame de Lafayette. There may have been many women, true, faithful, generous, loving, as she was; nay, there are, probably, such living to-day, belonging to our own generation, but the world has not known them. The world knows too much of its worst women; it knows very little of the best. We owe, therefore, a debt of gratitude to those who have wisely consented to the publication of the faithful, simple family memoir now before us. It is impossible to close the volume without a feeling of blended reverence and love for the noble woman whose life is there revealed to us.

Adrienne de Novilles was born November the 2d, 1759, at the Hotel de Noailles, in Paris. Nothing could be more corrupt than the Court of France at that hour, and the society of Paris generally was too much influenced by the same forms of evil. It is refreshing to close the eyes upon that crew of Comus and fix our attention upon the modest womanly grace and beauty which, at the same period, filled the home of Mme. d'Ayeu at the Hotel de Noailles. With the happy education the little girl received in that home, amid the group of five sisters, tenderly guarded and guided by their devoted mother, aided by the ancient nurse of two generations, and the faithful governess, the reader has already become acquainted. Each of these five daughters, all endowed with different characters, preserved the precious impression of the tender and judicious care bestowed on them. The life of Adrienne, the second, was very much varied, and became closely involved in the perils of two great revolutions; it is given to us, with many interesting details, in the memoir written by her daughter, Mme. de Lasteyrie.

The marriage of the young lady may be said to have been an event of her childhood rather than of her youth. At the age of twelve, before she had entirely left the nursery, proposals were received for that little hand on the part of a suitor but two years older than herself. Marie Paul Joseph Koch Yeses Gilbert, Marquis de Lafayette, was at that time in a college at Paris, which he left, with his governor at his side, in the uniform of the Black Mousquetairês, whenever his regiment paraded. He had come to Paris a few years earlier from the old Castle of Chavaniac, where he was born, more than a hundred leagues from Paris, among the mountains of Auvergne. His position was peculiar: a posthumous son, born to a name already historical, he inherited very great wealth, and he was an orphan, whose only guardian was an aged grandfather on the mother's side. Here was a combination of circumstances which appeared alarming to Mme. d'Ayeu; such vast wealth, such youth, without parents to guide and counsel the lad, foreboded temptation and ruin. The proposals were decidedly rejected by the anxious mother. In vain did the duc d'Ayeu urge the advantages of the connexion and the promising character of the lad; so decided was the opposition of the lady that a serious estrangement took place between them. During a whole year his children seldom saw their father. He persevered, however, in urging the merits of the lad upon the attention of Mme. d'Ayeu; and, on a nearer acquaintance with the young Marquis de Lafayette, the lady herself became convinced of her error. She saw his good qualities, accepted him as a son, and soon became very strongly attached to him. Her conditions of acceptance were that nothing should be said to her little daughter for two years; that meanwhile the future groom should complete his education, and that after the marriage the young couple should live under the same roof with herself for several years.

At the same period the Vicomte de Noailles, a nephew, was accepted for Madmoiselle Louise, the eldest daughter. The little ladies were entirely in the dark as to their future destiny. The young gentlemen were probably more enlightened. It was agreed that they should occasionally meet Mlles. de Noailles at home, or join the party of Mme. d'Ayeu in the public promenades.

Both appear to have been very successful visitors in this very juvenile form of love-making. When the proper moment arrived, and the disclosure was made, the anxious mother found that both her daughters were already partial to those who were now their chosen husbands.

Mlle. Adrienne de Noailles was fourteen at the time of her marriage, and M. de Lafayette was sixteen. The marriage took place the 11th of April, 1774. "A profound attachment has daily united us more closely, and more tenderly, in the midst of the vicissitudes of this life, in the midst of the joys and sorrows which have filled the last twenty-four years." So wrote Mme. de Lafayette at a later day when sitting at her husband's side in the prison of Olmütz. And a few years later still, after death had parted them, that husband wrote to his most confidential friend in words even more touching: "During the thirty-four years of a union in which her tenderness, her goodness, the elevation, the delicacy, the generosity of her nature, charmed, embellished, honored my life, I felt myself so accustomed to all that she was for me that I could not distinguish it from my own existence. She was fourteen and I sixteen when her heart became amalgated with all that could interest me. I thought that I loved her dearly, that I needed her, but in losing her I feel there can be no more happiness or peace for me."

One can readily imagine how charming must have been the society of M. de Lafayette in the early period of that happy married life. His character was already, at sixteen, strongly marked with the features it bore through a long eventful life. He had a remarkably happy temper; there was no bitterness in his nature; his disposition was frank, noble, generous to the utmost degree; his affections were strong, deep and unwavering. His manner was peculiarly delightful from the union of general sweetness of temper, the playful pleasantry of a most delicate and penetrating wit, the glow of natural healthiness, and the most perfect sincerity.

Even at that early day he was no courtier. He held in supreme contempt the effeminate life of the young gentlemen closely connected with the Court of that day.

The family of Noailles were all-powerful at Versailles; they were very desirous to secure for the young Marquis de Lafayette a place of honor in attendance on the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. The young man was resolved not to accept it, and when presented to the Prince he took the opportunity of making some remark, which, in a civil way, should displease; the consequence was just what he intended: the place was not offered to him, and it is said that Louis XVIII. never forgave the remark, the words of which are not recorded. This was a very unusual course for a gay young Marquis of that date. Even in his boyhood he had imbibed a sort of passion for the republican heroes of antiquity.

The first winter was, however, a very gay one. Every winter the young couple went with Mme. d'Ayeu to the balls of the Queen—the hapless Marie Antoinette—while other gaieties followed. Anxious to gratify her husband and to attract her sons-in-law, Mme. d'Ayeu kept open house for the young people during the three months that her husband was on duty as Captain of the Royal Guards. Though her own heart was far aloof from worldly gaieties, filled with higher and sweeter joys, those of the Christian home, yet the excellent lady knew that it was scarcely desirable that young people should be too closely restrained; it was necessary that they should have something of general society. "Like the mother of Moses, she could not keep her child in safety at home, but she sat in anxious watchfulness beside the stream of the world, praying or hoping that Providence would ward off all threatened dangers." Those prayers were granted to the letter.

Even at that early day the young wife had already adopted her mother's rule with regard to worldly amusements—to take part in them from motives superior to the pure taste for pleasure. With this safe rule, thus guarded by principle, there was little danger of carrying them to the point which becomes dissipation. And when going into society, subject to this rule, she enjoyed it frankly with the vivacity natural to her age or disposition.

The gaiety was interrupted by an incident always considered of great importance at that day. It was deemed advisable that the young soldier, now an officer of the Regiment de Noailles, should be inoculated. An apartment was provided for the purpose at Chaillot, and accompanied by wife and mother, the young gentleman went into a tedious quarantine. Mme. d'Ayeu had entirely taken him to her loving, motherly heart—"*he had for her the filial charm*"—an expression wonderfully full of meaning; she devoted herself to his welfare with watchful tenderness.

In December, 1775, a little daughter was born, and it would be difficult to say which of the young parents was most delighted at the event. The following year, a date so familiar to Americans, (1776,) brought with it a train of events which gave an entirely unforseen direction to the future career of that young French nobleman. M. de Lafayette was an officer in the regiment of which his wife's grandfather, the Marchel de Noailles, was Colonel. This regiment, in the year 1776, was in garrison at Metz. From time to time he left his young wife, and the little daughter born some months earlier, to attend to his military duties. On one occasion, towards the close of the year '76, while at Metz, he was invited to a dinner party given to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III., then traveling in France. The Prince had just received letters from England containing highly important news from America. The colonies in revolt had, through a political body called a Congress, formally declared themselves independent, on the previous 4th of July. Nothing was talked of but this insurrection, as it was called. Never before had M. de Lafayette had his attention called to this subject; but he was now very forcibly struck by the facts related. He listened with the most ardent curiosity; he pressed the duke with inquiries, and the answers he received increased his interest, or rather his enthusiasm. His sympathies were immediately and most warmly aroused in behalf of the colonists. Before the close of the dinner the idea of enlisting in the American cause was seriously impressed on his mind. From that moment he could think of nothing else. He hastened to Paris to make the necessary arrangements. Everything was done with the utmost secrecy. Six months were required to complete these preparations. Little was the young wife, soon to become a mother again, aware of what was plotting against her peace in the mind of that youthful husband of nineteen. Private interviews took place with American agents—a formal negotiation with Mr. Dean was carried on. "The secrecy of this negotiation and those preparations was really wonderful," says the General in his Memoirs. Family, friends, ministers, French spies, English spies, all were blinded. A pleasure trip to England had been planned with some young relatives. "I went to London," says the Memoir, "where first I saw an American agent, and then his Britannic Majesty. At nineteen one is amused with the idea of trifling with the King, upon whom one is about to make war, and dining opposite Lord Rawdon, just arrived from New York, at the house of Lord Germain, Minister for the Colonies. I refused to visit the seaports, however, the preparations against the *Rebels*, or whatever else might appear a breach of confidence." He returned privately to Paris, remained in concealment for three days, took leave of his wife, pushed on to Bordeaux, and thence to the Spanish port of Panaye, where, on the point of sailing, he received a peremptory *lettre de cachet* from the Crown and terrible reproaches from his family. After various difficulties, he embarked April the 20th, 1777.

Judge of the agony of the young wife! But nothing could be more noble than her conduct, or more admirable than the course of her own tender mother, Mme. d'Ayeu. The duc d'Ayeu was absolutely furious against his son-in-law, and most of his family were evidently opposed to the course he had taken. But those two loving women appear to have understood the motives of the young man far better than the experienced military men, courtiers, or politicians of the day. Mme. d'Ayeu expressed her admiration of his gallantry, of the skill and method of his preparation, and her perfect confidence in his attachment to the wife he had left behind him. Cheered by this full sympathy of her mother, and the exertions of Mme. d'Ayeu for the service of M. de Lafayette, the wife then scarcely seventeen, went into society whenever her mother wished it, and made great efforts to appear cheerful, lest her absent husband should be blamed. Not a tear would she shed in public, lest it should be laid to his charge; and she took part in the wedding gaieties of a near relative with a smiling face, while her heart secretly was wrung with grief. When on her dying bed her husband reminded her of the incident, she smiled at the recollection. "Yes, it was prettily done for a little girl," was her answer.

Meanwhile the fugitive, now a Major-General in the American army, was crossing the ocean after the slow fashion of those days, beguiling the time by study and writing to his wife. Those letters are charming. "I am writing to you from far away, my dear love, and to this cruel distance is added the uncertainty of hearing from you. Among a thousand reasons for wishing to arrive on shore, not one adds so much to my impatience as the wish to hear from you. How many fears, how many anxieties are added to the grief of parting from you. How was my second departure received by you? Did you love me the less for it? Have you pardoned me? It was truly a terrible moment when I was leaving the shore. Your regrets, those of my friends, Henriette (the little daughter), all filled me with distracting thoughts. Indeed I then could consider myself as miserable. If you only knew how much I have suffered, the sad days I have passed in flying from all I love. Shall I bear in addition to grief of leaving, that you have not forgiven me? Truly in that case, my dear heart, I should be too much to be pitied." After a couple of pages of politics, he adds: "Now let us talk of more important matters—of you, of the dear Henriette, of her brother, or her sister. Henriette is so lovely that she gives one a taste for daughters. Whatever our youngest child may prove I shall receive it with heartfelt joy. Do not lose a moment in hastening my happiness at the news of its birth. Perhaps it is because I am for the second time a father, but I feel myself more of a father than ever." The little daughter alluded to so affectionately died while her father was at

sea. After landing on the plantation of Major Huger, then proceeding to Charleston, he wrote repeatedly. We give one or two more brief extracts, taken from annexed details of political and military events, already familiar to us all. "Write often I entreat, and long letters. You do not know the joy I shall feel in receiving them. Kiss Henriette; may I say, dear love, kiss our children? Those poor children have a father who runs about the world, but he is a worthy, honest man in the main, a good father who loves his family dearly, a good husband too, for he loves his wife with all his heart. I must close for want of paper, for want of time, and if I do not repeat ten thousand times that I love you, it is not for want of feeling, but want of modesty, for I feel assured you are already persuaded of it. It is late, the heat is fearful, I am devoured by mosquitoes; the best countries, you observe, have some defects. Adieu, my heart, adieu!

[*To be Continued.*]

FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Dr. Murray, Chief of the Surgical Clinics at the Philadelphia College, has revived the troubles regarding the attendance of the lady students at the clinical lectures and dissections. On Saturday he sent them a very brusque note requesting them to absent themselves from the clinics that day, as "your presence shocks the native modesty of the male students," and "repeatedly has the presence of women interfered with the proper management of the clinics in ways too numerous to explain."

We cannot lay the above paragraph before our readers without taking occasion to express our opinion on the question involved in it. Often the proper doctors for women, little children and young girls ought to be women. In almost all cases, even now, mere uninstructed women are somewhat capable of serving their sisters in the critical necessities of their lives. It is but a few years since this was the universal practice in the civilized world, and had been so from the time of the Pharoahs. The source of the change remounts only to the time of Louis XIV., when the beautiful but frail Duchesse de la Valliere called in to her aid Julien Clement, a surgeon of repute in her time. French princesses then took it into their head to send for male surgeons; of course the bourgeoisie followed the fashion, and in a little while the Sagesfemmes lost all their practice, with that grand word which kills so much, "style." For little children, the clairvoyant instinct of maternity often discerns the ailment that eludes the eye of the male physician; and if mothers had even a *little* cultivation in medical knowledge, with their keen perception, they would anticipate disease, and promptly recognizing and treating first symptoms many of the maladies of the nursery would be shorn of their terror.

Now, "it is the motive which gives quality to every act." It is very well to desire to find lucrative employment for some women; but it is much better an endeavor to preserve the modesty, delicacy and feminine sensibility of the whole sex. If, in order to guard this holy treasure, feminine modesty, it is best to have, in many cases, female doctors—yet if to become a female doctor this very best gift of God must be sacrificed in any *one* woman, where is the gain? One immodest female doctor, unprincipled in the affairs of her own sex, is able more to corrupt the whole female race than a thousand ordinary male physicians. We agree with Dr. Murray that the science of medicine, in all its branches, ought not to be taught to classes composed of young women and young men.

There should be no difficulty in giving all the requisite instruction to women in separate classes. If the professor must needs be a man, and we see no absolute necessity for this, yet he may be a man old in years, experience, and goodness, who in purity of heart and for the sake of performing a great use, can instruct with simplicity and modesty even on the most delicate subjects.

Neither should there be indiscriminate admission to these classes. A woman before she can have the right of becoming the medical adviser of other women, ought to have approved herself in many ways, to have character and experience suitable for this great office. Widows should be preferred. Mothers, if possible. Only these can have the sentiments and experience that will give them advantage over scientific men. As to indiscriminate training of young girls for the medical profession, we cannot endorse it. Take up the journals of that part of our country where this kind of teaching has been going on, look at the advertisements of female doctors, and see what their practice is! Comment is useless.

After all what we really need is the recognition in this matter of the principle, "Cultivate women in the line of their tendencies." Raise up a class of educated nurses, a College like "The Maternity" at Paris, where nurses can *study* their profession, receive diplomas, and become honorably and honestly fitted for the work they undertake. L.

[From The Family Circle, Chicago.]

Do Women Want to Vote?

For a few years back a few women have called themselves the champions of their sex, and have entered the public arena to contend for "woman's rights."

They have held public meetings in the principal cities of the country, established journals to disseminate their ideas, and made what use they could of the secular and religious press, but after all we cannot help feeling that they have made very little headway.

Why is this? We believe that it is chiefly because the women, that is, the great mass of our best and truest women, those who are the best fitted by character and acquirements to speak for their sex, do not wish to vote.

If it is true that the women do not wish to vote then they should let their wishes be known. It will not do for them to keep quiet until the agitators, by their persistent efforts, have succeeded in their aims. This is not a subject to be lightly laid aside as of no consequence; for it concerns the interests not only of women, but the whole human race.

We do not propose here to present any arguments against female suffrage, though we may hereafter. Our object is to urge those women who feel that it would be an evil, to earnest, united action in opposition to it. The women in every town and village should organize and do all in their power to hinder it. We give below a petition which is being circulated extensively. We hope that many of the readers of THE FAMILY CIRCLE will cut it out and fasten paper to it and get as many signers as possible and send the papers to us and we will forward them.

AT the recent Woman Suffrage meeting in Appollo Hall, New York, resolutions were adopted to the effect that in case Congress refuses to pass a declaratory act, the Woman Suffragists will organize a new political party, and they "invoke the aid of all the men and women in these United States in establishing a *true republican form of government.*" Mrs. Hooker says: "We have besought Congress in petitions miles in length, without accomplishing anything, and even our sons, when grown, go forth and place themselves in the camp of the enemy. But I intend to make the attempt to vote at every election in my State hereafter, if I have to go to the polls with a revolver in my hand, and an officer by my side." Miss Anthony: "In regard to the party the women should join, it should be a matter of indifference to them; they should join that party, be it Republican or Democratic, which showed the disposition to do them justice. She thought, however, the Democratic party would claim them, because it had been purified by a long retirement from public life. The ballot had been given to women in Wyoming by the Democrats, although it was worthy of remark that the women had no sooner got it than they wheeled round and voted the Republican ticket." [Laughter.] Upon inquiry it was ascertained that 85 women out of "the 20,000,000 who earnestly desire the ballot," had signed the declaration and pledge concerning their right to vote, and 126 women and 30 men had signed the book headed "*Women* who wish to vote."—*New York Tribune.*

We miss in the reports of these meetings the names of Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton, whose presence and speeches used to lend importance to their proceedings. Some new names, however, appear, for example, Samuel Heywood and Mary Walker.

The True Woman.

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All persons sending in their subscriptions during the present month, will receive the back numbers of The True Woman, beginning with March.

We wish to call attention to the fact, that our present issue is made up almost exclusively of original matter. Our efficient corps of contributors enables us to promise the same for the future, while our unusual advantages in the way of translators, open to us the wide fields of Italian, French and German literature.

To our co-workers, scattered far and wide through the New England, Middle, Southern and Western States, we send a kindly greeting, congratulating them on the results of their efforts hitherto, and beg that they will not weary in well doing.

And, finally, we renew our request, that all whom our paper may reach, and who are willing to unite with us in opposing, by all suitable and womanly methods, the extension of suffrage to the women of our country, will make the cause their own, and act as self-appointed agents in securing and forwarding to us as many subscribers as possible.

We regret to learn that by a mistake of an employee at the printing office, some of our subscribers received the March, instead of the May number. All such cases made known to us, will receive immediate attention.

Working Women of Baltimore.

We willingly give to the following communication a place in our columns. It treats of a subject to which we have given much thought, and concerning which we would gladly elicit not only *discussion* but *action:*

Mrs. Editor:—Certain of your friends and subscribers are in receipt of sundry appeals from the employees of clothing establishments in this city, begging us to interest ourselves in their behalf. We have long been aware that the hardships of this class of workers are almost intolerable, and would be glad indeed to apply a remedy. The relations between capital and labor involve questions and intricacies which we do not presume to judge or even to understand. Doubtless the employers in these establishments have likewise their grievances, and would, perhaps, represent themselves as the abused party, yet the cry of the women waxes louder and louder, and the condition of the poor in our city is fast assimilating to that of the poor in the cities of the old world.

Can any practical measures be adopted for their relief?

If we advise organization we are met by the answer that no time for such purpose can be spared from the toil that is necessary to secure the pittance which alone stands between them and absolute starvation. And here comes in the suggestive fact, that the work, insufficient as is the pay, is after all, a matter of vital importance, which, if it should slip from their hands, would be instantly seized by eager waiters for it, and leave them to utter ruin.

Thus we are at once confronted with the law of demand and supply.

Still, we cannot but think that some method of organization, similar to that adopted by the shoe manufacturers, might be tried with hope of partial relief.

Are there not women of wealth and leisure who will look into this matter, and try if something cannot be done in this way for their sisters of toil?

The following is part of a schedule of prices which has been sent us, as obtaining in certain clothing houses, while workers in shirt establishments are said to be still more poorly paid:

Dozen of Dusters, 95 cents.
Oil-cloth Overcoats, 8 to 9 cents each.
Summer Pants, 10 to 37 cents each.
" Vests, " " "

While for pressing there is the expense of woad and coal. It is possible, by constant application from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. to make 8 pairs of pants in two and three-quarter days, for which the pay is, at 37 cents, $2.96.

Many more facts might be given, but this is, perhaps, sufficient for the present. By giving them a place in your valuable paper you will confer a favor on

A Friend of Working Women.

Maryland Academy of Fine Arts.

MRS. SCHWING'S PICTURES.

We had the pleasure of paying a visit to the Maryland Academy of Fine Arts, which, though at present in its germ state, shows so much promise, that we may safely prophesy for it a rich and beautiful future. The Academy contemplates a public exhibition very shortly, in preparation for which it has already many valuable and charming pictures. Of two in particular we wish to speak. These are by Mrs. Schwing, late a resident of Baltimore, who has been for several years prosecuting her art education in Europe. The first of these, "The Thievish Magpie," would be an ornament in the choicest gallery. It represents an old German woman fallen asleep at her spinning wheel. The finely painted interior of a room in a genuine farm-house, where all is neatness and order, and in particular, the quaint green pottery stove, form a splendid background for the masterly figure of the woman, whose aged hands have fallen so naturally to their rest. Near her, on a table, lies her prayer-book, and beside it her spectacles, whose shining frame has attracted a magpie to enter through the open casement. With a cunning look at the sleeper, the bird is deftly picking up her specks.

Although connoisseurs might find some inequality of painting in the picture, still it is one of the best ever exhibited in Baltimore.

A larger painting, by the same lady, is also at the Academy. This is called "Meditation." A young lady is seated on a mossy bank. The background is a magnificent wood scene. Sunbeams play through the branches and leaves of high forest trees, and fall in a full sweep of light on the lovely arm and delicate hands of the half unconscious girl. The face and neck are in shadow, and the traces of tears are in the eyes. The full flowing and strongly painted folds of the drapery; its cool, yet rich color; the beautiful freshness of the ferns and foliage of the foreground, are excellent in the extreme. Both paintings reflect honor on the artist, and ought to be seen by all admirers of art in Baltimore.

Mr. Beresford Hope, in the British House of Commons, May 3d, opposed the extension of suffrage to females as an outrage upon womanhood. The bill was defeated by a majority of 63.

The Old Washerwoman.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF A. CHAMISSO, AUTHOR OF PETER SCHEMYL.

With busy hands the linen folding,
Though very old and grey of hair,
Her washerwoman state still holding,
On to her six and seventieth year.
She steadily, through pain and fear,
With zeal and almost holy pleasure,
Doth fill to perfect round, the sphere
That God's decree to her did measure.

Long years ago a winsome maiden,
She loved, she hoped, was won and wed;
A woman's lot on her was laden,
With heavy cares, aye, cumberéd.
Her babies' father, weak and ill,
Her own poor little ones she cherished,
Then laid him in the grave, yet still
For her nor faith nor hope had perished.

Her children all alone to nourish
She gave herself right cheerfully,
And made in her abode to flourish
Order and honest industry.
For better fate in far off lands
She let these dearly loved ones leave her,
Now on life's verge alone she stands,
Yet brave and busy now as ever.

With saving hand and heart resolving,
She hath bought flax, and through the night,
With music of her wheels revolving,
Hath spun the thread so soft and light.
The weaver wove the fabric fair,
With scissors then and needle plying,
Her own hand did the garb prepare,
To wear when cold in death she's lying.

This linen is her one dear treasure:
Preserved as in a sacred shrine,
She holds it life's supremest pleasure
To keep this raiment white and fine.
When Sabbath comes, God's word to hear,
She puts it on, with thoughts of dying,
Then lays it by, with pious fear,
To wear when in her last rest lying.

Oh, when life's evening shades draw round me,
Would that I might like her, be sure,
That all the circling lines that bound me,
Were filled with work as good and pure.
I would that I at life's full fount,
Had drunk like her, my cup's deep measure,
On death with equal peace could count,
Could see my shroud with equal pleasure.

E.

Look on This Picture and then—on This.

BY L. H. S.

An article in the March number of THE TRUE WOMAN, on Vesuvianism, reminded me that I had a copy of Borme's famous invitation for the formation of the Amazonean legion, which was known as the *Vesuviennes*. I append a translation of the same as a fitting accompaniment to that article:

PARIS, March, 1848.

Citizen Borme, Jr., inventor of several engines of war, for throwing three hundred cannon balls, or packages of grape, a minute; author of the *Greek* fire, by which one can set fire to and sink hostile fleets; author of a means by which two thousand female citizens can contend against fifty thousand male enemies.

To the Female Citizens of Paris—My Sisters in the Republic:

CITIZENESSES:—The Republic owes the fourth part of its existence to you, since it was owing to your words of encouragement, that your fathers, your brothers and friends braved the shower of grape on the 24th of February.

You have deserved it of your country, and hence, Citizenesses! I have demanded from the provisional government, that you be allowed to enroll yourselves under the title of *Vesuviennes*.

The engagement will be for one year; in order to be received, the applicant must be between fifteen and thirty years of age, and unmarried.

Applications received daily from noon to 4 P. M., at No. 14 Rue St. Apolline, where your names, occupations, ages and residences, will be recorded.

Greeting and brotherhood! Long live the Republic.

BORME, Jr.

In striking contrast with the ridicule and contempt the Vesuviennes created on the 26th of March, 1848, when, after assembling at the foot of the column in the Place Vendôme, they marched with the national colors, having their name emblazoned on them in golden letters, to the Hotel de Ville, we have only to recall the recollections of woman's *true* work in our recent war. Assuming no hostile attitude, not laboring to destroy life, but to alleviate the horrors of war, leaving the armor of the warrior where nature and the customs of many centuries have placed it—in the hands of the stronger sex, she strove to bind up the wounds of the field and admininister to the wants of the camp. No banner over her, indicative of pent-up passions striving to burst forth in deeds of destruction, but animated by that most womanly motive—love, she never received ridicule or contempt at the hands of the soldier, however rude or uncultivated he may have been. Love begets love; honest work in aid of suffering humanity always receives the respect it merits; good Samaritanism has its reward here and its great reward hereafter. Thousands of homes this day, throughout our land, hold the names of those women who labored as nurses during the war, sacred, and cherish the memories of their loving deeds to some soldier, relative or friend, with great fondness.

What true woman would prefer the name of Vesuvienne to that of nurse? What true woman would not a thousand times over, prefer the service of love amid misery and suffering, to that of dealing out death and destruction? The questions need but be propounded at home—where woman reigns supreme—to receive such answers as will show that she prefers to be true to the traditions of her sex, true to the sphere to which she has been assigned, and true to her own sense of right and duty.

Frederick, Md.

A History of Protests Against Woman Suffrage.

The various petitions which have been sent in to the Congress of the United States, protesting against Woman Suffrage, have during the past winter made an aggregate of nearly seven thousand signatures of women.

Now, when we consider how disinclined to anything likely to involve public action our conservative women are, and that they are not only satisfied with the peculiar sphere of duties assigned to them by God and Nature, but that they also know that the proper discharge of these duties constitute the highest life for our sex; when we reflect how the thinking women of the country shrink from any step which implies a public expression of sentiment, and that beyond these are the great mass of women who are wholly indifferent to every political issue, so that it is almost impossible to impress upon them the need of any action; when we add to these considerations the fact that this result has been already and so quickly achieved without any organization, we have indeed every reason to feel greatly encouraged. One thing is evident, this rallying cry, "*To rescue,*" has been promptly met, and the simple bugle-call found a response in the popular heart.

Thank Heaven, the majority of our women are not belligerent Amazons, and the dissonant summons, "*To arms,*" of the discontented, has been and will be met with earnest remonstrance. Yes, seven thousand noble women, alive to the importance of preserving our most sacred rights, determined to act once for all, and disclaim the base imputation that they are "slaves," have spoken.

The sole means taken to collect this united voice, has been the gratuitously published notice in some journals, stating that all anti-suffrage petitions sent to Washington, would be duly cared for and properly presented. No society has been formed, no outlay or call for funds, nothing but this one fact made known, through an appeal to public opinion by an adopted form of petition. On the side of the Suffragists we are constantly told of large sums of money being asked for and expended, and of all the ramifications of an extensive and active organization.

When we read or hear of these efforts, we feel like thanking God, who has in the quiet means made use of by us, already permitted us so rich a harvest.

Just one year ago, a few earnest women met for the first time, in the Capitol of the country, avowedly to decide upon the best means of counteracting the demoralization of the Suffrage movement. They were determined not to assimilate to the conduct and the action they wished to condemn, by the use of any means inconsistent with their sentiments.

It was clear the right of petition must be the weapon of defense; nor was any other action needed to reach the moral

sentiment of the country. At this first and *only meeting* ever held for deliberation as to some measure of common safety, a form of petition was adopted. This form has since been published and re-published throughout the country, and the woman-like course then and there decided on, is doing its work most effectively. Truth needs no gilding, while Error has manifold ways of making itself glitter. Truth is of modest mien, but Error is clad in specious garb. Truth has indeed the power to chase before her Error; and now that her voice is at last heard in the discussion of this question, may we not hope for certain triumph?

In conclusion, it may not be uninteresting as a summing up of the first year of woman's opposition to the work of agitation of the past twenty years, to give a "*liste-raissoné*" of petitions so far presented.

Early in January was presented by the Hon. N. B. Todd the remonstrance of Mrs. Antoinette T. Curtenius and one thousand four hundred and ninety-nine other women of Illinois, and also that of four hundred and twenty-five women of McLean University, of Illinois; General Garfield presented the remonstrance of Mary C. Gaston and three hundred and six others, women of Ohio; by Hon. Mr. Beamen, one from Miss M. M. Brewster and one hundred and forty-seven others, women of Michigan; by the Hon. Mr. Bingham, that of Mrs. Madeline V. Dahlgren and one thousand and thirty-three others; this petition comprised names sent to Mrs. Dahlgren from Maine to Louisiana. By Hon. Mr. Randall, the petition of Mary Keogh and one hundred and eighty-nine others; this was headed, "We, as working women of Philadelphia, protest against Female Suffrage, believing it would injure our true interests to become voters," and was entirely composed of women who earn their own livelihood. By the Hon. Mr. Bingham, the petition of Mrs. C. B. Boynton and two hundred and eighty others. These were all presented to the House of Representatives and put on the record of the *Congressional Globe*. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, presented the petition of Mrs. General Sherman and one thousand others, sent from all parts of the country. This remonstrance was perhaps remarkable for the number of names upon it well known to the country, and has been selected as a peculiar target of the Suffragists, under the supposition that it could be made effective by them to arouse opposition to our efforts, as indicating both a sectarian and a class movement. This attempt on their part was futile, because while scores of these signatures formed a rare galaxy of names, yet the greater number came from the rural districts, and was truly a voice from the people. The movement was heralded in Suffrage journals as Roman Catholic, because Mrs. Sherman, who headed this petition, is of that faith.

As if at once to repel this assertion we have next in order, Miss Catharine E. Beecher and two hundred and nine others, comprising some of the best names of Connecticut, and presented by the Puritan Senator Buckingham, who also took charge of a remonstrance from Mrs. Fitch and one hundred and fifty-two others, from New Haven, Connecticut; this petition includes wives of Professors of Yale College and of other ladies who give tone to the social sentiment of New Haven. We have through Senator Hamlin the remonstrance of C. E. McKay and five hundred and twenty-one others; on this petition may be found many names of great and recognized influence, and especially is this the case in those representing Portland and Bangor, and several towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut. By Senator Scott, of Pennsylvania, was presented a roll of two hundred and seventy-four names, endorsed, "Working women of Philadelphia who disapprove of Female Suffrage." By Senator Thurman, of Ohio, from Mrs. Rev. A. Bigelow, of Hancock, New Hampshire, (forwarded by Catharine E. Beecher,) and from Mrs. Wermston, of Ohio, in all, one hundred and seventy-five. Again, from four hundred and thirty women of Illinois, presented by Senator Scott, and finally, on the very day that Congress adjourned, Senator Davis, of Kentucky, presented one from Miss. S. E. Gibson, of Boonsboro', Md., and from wives of Professors of Racine College, Wisconsin, one hundred and fifty signatures.

Thus we have an aggregate of nearly seven thousand. One petition of four hundred signatures has been lost in transit through the Post-Office. It was sent from Maine to Mrs. McKay, and also one of two hundred names that had been collected in Illinois, has been misplaced and cannot be found. Some of these petitions more numerously signed, were formed by uniting smaller ones received from various sources, often representing a great weight of influence, and with the sanction of Episcopal bishops, Catholic priests, Congregational, Baptist and other clergymen, and presented to Congress by Republican and Democratic members. No clearer proof can exist that neither a sectarian nor a political issue has been even attempted.

Deo gratias. M. V. D.

Washington, D. C.

Correspondence.

Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Boston, sends us, with a list of subscribers, the following:

"I have received copies of your excellent paper, THE TRUE WOMAN. Its aim is commendable, its spirit beneficent, and the position taken, harmonizes with the Word of God and with the instincts of every real woman. May it meet with entire success."

FROM NEW YORK.

EDITOR OF THE TRUE WOMAN—*Dear Madam:*—Please find enclosed two dollars, as subscription for four copies of THE TRUE WOMAN for one year.

Your cause, my dear Madam, is a righteous one, and I will make such effort as an old lady in her eightieth year is capacitated to make for the promulgation of your views and the benefit of your paper.

With very few exceptions, those of my acquaintance who are for Woman's Suffrage, are rejectors of, or scoffers at, the Revealed Word of God, and with those few, I fear it has little practical influence.

The claim that the vote is *necessary* as an *educator* for woman, is not founded in truth. We do not see that man, who has ever enjoyed that privilege, is any more conscientious in his dealings, furnished with clearer views of truth, or is any more intelligent on any subject, because he is a voter. The whole affair, as it has been presented to the public, has tended to degrade, not elevate our sex.

The equality of the sexes is without question, but the very declaration "In the Beginning" was, "I will make him an help *meet* for him," qualified and adapted to him, thus indicating not an *inferior* but a *different* sphere of action. If woman would be wise, and take the station with patient acquiescence and self-respect, not self-glorification, she might rule the world. But she can never rule by political or muscular power; the rule must be by moral influence.

That your paper, my dear Madam, may exert a moral influence on all who receive it, is the earnest wish of an aged friend to the cause. Very respectfully,

E. M. N.

FROM NEW JERSEY.

Washington Irving said long ago that Elizabeth, "stylish little Elizabeth," as the *New York Herald* calls us, was famous for its mud, mosquitoes and pretty girls. The mud is almost a thing of the past, our streets are now so well paved; the mosquitoes and the pretty girls appear fixtures, but the pretty girls of the olden time are now most charming, enlightened and womanly matrons, and I am very proud to send you the names of some of the most eminent, as subscribers for THE TRUE WOMAN.

In connection with this I may be permitted to express my humble admiration of the tone your paper has taken; its admirable recognition of the fact that there were energies, and so needs, aroused by the war, which cannot be put back, especially as the war left so many women, still young, who have no room in their hearts for new love and the happy duties of married life, and yet are full of spirit and Christian cheerfulness, which forbids them to sit down among the ruins of the past. The sketches you propose to give of women who have risen to honor and renown on the steps of virtue and genius, without having felt themselves hampered by conventionalities, "cramped by custom," or "pent in by the narrowness of their political sphere," will reach and encourage such as these in the life from which so much has been taken, and yet so

much given. The ease, comparative ease, I mean, with which well-balanced and right-minded women find the path just fitted to their feet, has not been enough dwelt upon, it seems to me, and very naturally, for those who find such path walk in it as in the fresh air of heaven, and see no reason to speak much of it; it is only those who are entangled and lost by the way that feel impelled to keep up a shouting and bewailing.

Imagine for a moment dear Adelaide Proctor setting up a moan about unrecognized gifts, and repressed faculties, and yet what member of Sorosis has ever shown to the world (and it is to be presumed, as Sorosis lives for the public, that the public gets its deepest thoughts and highest aspirations) anything so profound as her *incompleteness:*

"Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own."

Who of all these fretful, "soaring" women, has ever solemnly admitted to herself, as Miss Proctor everywhere does, that there is in every soul a crowd of longings, aspirations, needs and powers that are never fulfilled, never met, never wrought out in this world, and then *rejoiced* in the knowledge that it is so? They would satisfy these yearnings with the husks that the swine did eat, with political power, with many marriages, with the very dregs of earth's bitter chalice, called pleasure. *She*, who felt them as they never could, how joyously she treasures every longing, increases every talent, never dreaming of blaming

"God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul."

May God bless your efforts and make you strong and gentle, clear and courageous for the hard but noble work you have undertaken.

Yours faithfully, S. M. B.

Parlor Influence.

Women ought to be good talkers. It is their eminent domain. There is a good deal of banter afloat on the subject, and one might easily suppose that our women were given to talk, but nothing is farther from the truth. Their fault in society is that they do not talk. They are timid—not socially, but intellectually. They are afraid to imbibe, or to cherish, or to enunciate ideas.

They mistrust their own capacities and acquirements, and have mistrusted them so long and so sincerely that the mistrust presently becomes final and fatal. They have too much sense to be silly, and too little power to be self-forgetful; so they take a secondary place when they ought to be in the van. It is not oppression on the one part nor superiority on the other, but the natural effect of a long line of causes. Women not only fear men, but they fear each other. They fear themselves, they fear hobgoblins; and perhaps to their dying day never find out that their next neighbor was just as afraid of them as they were of her, and that it was always a question of a hair's breadth which should flee first. This then is one thing for girls to do in their father's houses. Does it seem slight? Is it so easy that girls can give themselves to it and yet find time hang heavy on their hands? On the contrary, it is so complicated and so important a matter, it is an opportunity so vast and munificent, that every woman at leisure in the country might find in it an ample career, and yet leave a large work undone.

No department of life offers a wider field for influence than this department of society, and here women are by nature rulers, and not subordinates. But to rule and not to deteriorate they ought to be women indeed, strong-minded and strong-hearted; women of nerve and beauty, of ideas and opinions, of reasons and facts; women who can influence and command and control; who can rebuke and encourage; who shall sway men by that which is highest in both, who can discern and elicit the hidden power, and be hospitable to the modest thought; who can repress without wounding, befriend without patronizing, and refine without enervating; who can resist, silently perhaps but steadfastly, the onset of popular fallacy, turn quietly aside from a false standard, and frame and fashion not so much by direct effort as by indirect influence. Such a woman need not say "be noble, be generous, be true," but by reason of some subtle quality in herself, some unseen but persuasive and pervasive power, some insinuating grace and graciousness, no man brings to her anything but his best. She is the sunshine that woos forth all life and loveliness before which darkness does not so much flee away as transmute itself to light.—*Gail Hamilton in the Independent.*

[Translated for the True Woman.]

My Aunt Catherine.—No. III.

A NORMANDY STORY.

The Marquis received me always with a gracious smile.

The Marchioness never failed to offer me fruit or flowers. Their son, a young man about two and twenty years of age, never spoke to me, but he looked at me a great deal.

One day, just as I reached the Chateau, my lord returned from the chase with his dog, which suddenly frightened my horse, and caused him to rear. I fell off. I do not know how; but in the twinkling of an eye I was on my feet. My Normandy cap had come off, but my hair, which reached almost to my feet, happily concealed my blushes. Overpowered by the suddenness of the affair, I lost consciousness; not entirely, however. I felt that a man was holding me gently in his arms, and in an instant after, I came to myself, reclining on a sofa in one of the parlors of the Chateau. When I opened my eyes, a voice (it was that of Mr. Wallace, the son of the Marquis,) pronounced these words, which I heard very well: "What beautiful tresses." Quickly arranging them under my cap, I begged pardon for my imprudence, and for having put him to so much trouble. Everybody manifested the liveliest interest in my misadventure, and I left, feeling embarrassed and ashamed.

Two months passed before I made another visit to the Chateau. If it had not been necessary, I should never have shown myself there again. But the Marchioness had sent several times to enquire after my health, which had not in the least suffered, however; and besides, I was obliged to go to collect the money due my mother. I started then for the Chateau once more, but not without a certain indescribable emotion. I had been told that the son of the Marquis, who never came down to our bourg, had passed by our door. The good God, my little one, seldom fails to warn us of danger; but we rarely listen to Him. I leaped lightly and without accident from my horse upon the steps of the Chateau. The Marquis and Marchioness were taking a walk in the park. It was the young lord who received me, in the same parlor where I had so brusquely put on my cap in his presence, just two months before. Hardly was I seated when he threw himself at my feet, seizing and strongly pressing my two hands.

"Catherine," said he, "Catherine, I love you! I love you! Since the day when I carried you here in my arms, this love which I was then combatting, has become my only thought, my only wish, my entire life."

Saying this, he fixed upon me his eyes, glowing with feeling and almost brimming with tears, all his features became, as it were, alive, as when one addresses an ardent prayer to God. He was beautiful. He was the first, the only man, who ever made me think that a man could have beauty.

I wished to rise. But he held me seated, by I know not what power, to which I could make no resistance.

"Oh, you will hear me," said he; and he spoke of my beauty, of my modest and charming grace, of his own sufferings, of the purity of his intentions, of his inflexible resolution. His name, his rank, his fortune, all were to be mine, as his heart was, irrecoverably. His words seemed full of magic; his expression subjugated me. I cannot express what passed within me. Astonishment, then stupor, then that fascination which causes one to feel as in an ecstasy. A thousand confused thoughts passed through my mind. My heart beat, and my temples throbbed with violence. I saw a great danger dragging me on. I felt as if I should die; but it was only to go to heaven.

God came to my aid. I could at last rise, and I went away.

Wallace saw me open the door, yet neither attempted to retain me nor to follow me, only holding out his hands towards me, as if silently supplicating my return. From the Chateau to our house I had no feeling of my own existence. I saw nothing. My return was made mechanically. My horse carried me by mere force of habit. The whole night passed without sleep. I tossed about on my bed like a sick person, or a guilty one. I heard, I felt, the burning words of that evening. The glowing countenance of Wallace seemed continually to approach me.

However, at the first dawn of day, I began to experience a little calm. I asked myself what I had to do? My mother, my mother whom I loved so much, the thought of her terrified me. Poor young girls! poor wandering ones! how I understand you now.

At five o'clock in the morning, the bell for early mass had just rung, as I knelt down humbly in one of the most obscure corners of our Church, far from the sacred pictures that awake in us the thought of God, when trouble of soul or worldly distractions have separated us from Him, but there I distrusted God even as I feared my mother. I did not dare to approach His sanctuary to show Him my wound. So, before the surgeon hesitates the sick one, who dreads some painful operation. I prayed; I prayed a long time. Two secret voices spoke within me:

"Good Catherine," said the one, "whence comes this childish terror? What hinders you to confide in that sweet love which a beautiful young man has conceived for you? Listen to your own heart, which has yielded itself so quickly to him, as if it already accepted its destiny. What has happened God has willed. It is bad not to obey the true and natural sentiments that are born in us, especially when they are so pure and elevated. This brilliant union of which you have never even thought, why should it not be as blessed and happy a one as any other? In this you should see the recompense of your virtue and devotion to your sisters. You, whose soul is so spotless, who have been created to love and to do good, ought you then to condemn yourself to that sad and barren life which is the punishment of the guilty and the selfish? Yield yourself then to the happiness which you deserve, and render thanks to Him who hath sent it to you."

The other voice made me shudder and sink under the very earth.

[*To be Continued.*]

In the British House of Commons, May 3d, Mr. Bouverie asserted that the majority of women are opposed to voting, quoting the experience of the United States, where the question was rapidly sinking into discredit, and women were petitioning against it.

We welcome cordially to the ranks of our coadjutors The Family Circle, of Chicago, and grasp with pleasure the friendly hand extended in the following editorial notice. The high tone of Christian morality and literary taste which we find on every page of this paper, commends it to the confidence of every true woman; and we trust by unwearied industry and zeal to make The True Woman a worthy and welcome guest in every family circle:

"*The True Woman*, is the title of a paper published in Baltimore. We have received the first number and give it a cordial welcome. Its object is to promote the best interests of Woman, to aid in her elevation, and that which will promote her true happiness and welfare. To this end it is most earnestly and heartily opposed to Female Suffrage, and will strive to counteract the efforts of the would-be reformers, who, for the sake of gaining a little notoriety, would force all women to the polls. It is published monthly, at 50 cents a year, and we will give it as a PREMIUM to any one who will send us one new subscriber. We hope it will be well sustained."

The Medical Association of San Francisco, after another long and bitter wrangle over the female delegate question, indefinitely postponed it again and adjourned *sine die*.

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